

# The New-York Weekly Magazine;

## OR, MISCELLANEOUS REPOSITORY.

VOL. I.]

W E D N E S D A Y, MAY 18, 1796.

[No. 46.]

### SKETCH OF THE PHILOSOPHY OF SOCRATES.

**T**HIS great Philosopher was eminent for possessing, in a high degree, the faculties of reasoning and persuasion. Without making use of any direct argument, he chose to lead the person he meant to instruct, to deduce the truths of which he wished to convince him, as a necessary consequence from his own concessions. He commonly conducted these conferences with such address, as to conceal his design, till the respondent had advanced too far to recede.

On some occasions, he made use of ironical language, that vain men might be caught in their own replies, and be obliged to confess their ignorance. He never assumed the air of a morose and rigid preceptor, but communicated useful instruction with all the ease and pleasantry of polite conversation.

Socrates was not less distinguished by his modesty than by his wisdom. His discourses betray no marks of arrogance or vanity. He professed "to know only this, that he knew nothing." In this declaration, which he frequently repeated, he had no other intention, than to convince his hearers of the narrow limits of the human understanding. Nothing was farther from his thoughts, than to encourage universal scepticism: on moral subjects, he always expressed himself with confidence and decision: but he was desirous of exposing to contempt the arrogance of those pretenders to science, who would acknowledge themselves ignorant of nothing. The truth was, that Socrates, though eminently furnished, as we have already seen, with every kind of learning, preferred moral to speculative wisdom. Convinced that philosophy is valuable, not as it furnishes questions for the school, but as it provides men with a law of life, he censured his predecessors for spending all their time in abstruse researches into nature, and taking no pains to render themselves useful to mankind. His favourite maxim was: Whatever is above us, doth not concern us. He estimated the value of knowledge by its utility, and recommended the study of geometry, astronomy, and other sciences, only so far as they admit of a practical application to the purposes of human life. His great object, in all his conferences and discourses, was to lead men into an

acquaintance with themselves; to convince them of their follies and vices; to inspire them with the love of virtue; and to furnish them with useful moral instructions. Cicero might, therefore, very justly say of Socrates, that he was the first who called down philosophy from heaven to earth, and introduced her into the public walks and domestic retirements of men, that she might instruct them concerning life and manners.

The moral lessons which Socrates taught, he himself diligently practised: whence he excelled other philosophers in personal merit, no less than in his method of instruction. His conduct was uniformly such as became a teacher of moral wisdom.

Through his whole life, this good man discovered a mind superior to the attractions of wealth and power.

Contrary to the general practice of the preceptors of his time, he instructed his pupils without receiving from them any gratuity. He frequently refused rich presents, which were offered him by Alcibiades and others, though importunately urged to accept them by his wife. The chief men of Athens were his stewards: they sent him in provisions, as they apprehended he wanted them; he took what his present wants required, and returned the rest. Observing the numerous articles of luxury, which were exposed to sale in Athens, he exclaimed, "How many things are there, which I do not want?" With Socrates, moderation supplied the place of wealth. In his clothing and food, he consulted only the demands of nature. He commonly appeared in a neat, but plain cloak, with his feet uncovered. Though his table was only supplied with simple fare, he did not scruple to invite men of superior rank to partake of his meals. When his wife, upon some occasion, expressed her dissatisfaction on being no better provided, he desired her to give herself no concern; for if his guests were wise, they would be contented with whatever they found at his table; if otherwise, they were unworthy of notice. Whilst others, says he, live to eat, wise men eat to live. He found by experience that temperance is the parent of health. It was owing to his perfect regularity in this respect, that he escaped infection in the midst of the plague, which proved so fatal to his fellow citizens.

## THE FATAL EFFECTS OF INDULGING THE PASSIONS.

EXEMPLIFIED IN THE HISTORY OF M. DE LA PALINIERE.

*Translated from the French.*

(Continued from Page 355.)

MY uncle was the only person who could manage me; for I really both loved and respected him, and seldom forgot myself in his presence. His too great indulgence, however, suffered me to contract destructive habits, which, had he used his authority to correct would never have become so rooted and so fatal. But when any one complained of me, he would answer, "these youthful errors will wear away, for I am certain he has an excellent heart."

I departed for my garrison with a sort of Governor, to whom my uncle confided me, and who was to have remained with me a year; but in six weeks time I quarrelled irreconcilably with my Mentor. I turned away the servant my uncle had sent with me, hired a valet without a character, and thought myself the happiest of mortals.

Rosignol, my valet, was young, genteel, and insinuating; he became my favourite, regulated my expences, and in less than two months brought me in bills for four thousand francs, that is to say, for the full sum of my half-year's allowance. I saw then plain enough that Rosignol was a rascal; but the bills must be paid. I borrowed, became a debtor of course, and turned Rosignol away, who, at parting, robbed me of all the rings and jewels I possessed.

Some time after this adventure, I quarrelled with one of my comrades, fought and received two wounds, that made me keep my bed two months. During my confinement, I reflected often upon my thoughtless and impetuous behaviour; and began to find, that, in order to be happy, it is necessary to hear reason, repel first emotions, vanquish defects, and obtain a command over the passions.

I had lived a year in garrison, when war was declared and I departed for Germany, where I made several campaigns, and discovered much zeal and little capacity. I was very anxious to fight battles, but not to learn the art of winning battles; for which reason my military career was not very brilliant, as will be seen.

My uncle, meanwhile, was active in seeking to establish me well in life. I was one-and-twenty, and, desirous of seeing me married, he chose a lady, who, had I not been as headstrong as unjust, would have made me the happiest of men.

Julia, for that was her name, then but seventeen, added to all the bloom of youthful beauty an ingenuous mind, and a countenance that was the picture of gentleness, innocence and virtue: a calm serenity dwelt in her eyes; and never were the marks of impatience, anger, or contempt, seen upon her brow. Once seen she was always known; her soul was all outward, it dwelt in her face and form; and that face, that soul, and that form, were all angelic. Her mind was just, solid, and penetrating; her reason much superior to her age; her desires moderate; and her character prudent and firm. She

spoke with the tongue of benevolence, and so unaffectedly, yet expressive, that sweetness and modesty seemed to live upon her lips; the sound of her voice went to the heart.

Such was Julia, such was the wife my uncle gave me. Her perfections might have supplied the want of fortune; but she was rich. As soon as I was married, my uncle gave my estate into my own possession; and thus at one and twenty, was I in the full enjoyment of a good fortune and the most lovely woman on earth. It depended only upon myself to be happy.

The winter after my marriage was spent at Paris, where I again met Sinclair, my old college friend, and we became more intimate than ever. Sinclair possessed all the eminent qualities which his early years had announced. In war he had been highly distinguished; and, at a time of life when ardour and promptitude only, are generally discovered, he had given proofs of superior talents, prudence, and fortitude. His modesty and simplicity disarmed malice, and whoever should have forbore to praise his conduct and worth, would have been thought enemies to virtue.

Julia too had a strict friendship for a young widow, her relation, whose name was Belinda; a person remarkable for her virtues and accomplishments.

Behold me then married to a woman whom I preferred to all the women in the world; cherished by an uncle whom I respected as a father; in friendship with a man of my own age, but who had the prudence and wisdom of a Nestor; enjoying not only the conveniences of life, but even all the imaginary blessings, or rather baubles, on which vanity sets so high a price; all the felicity which love, friendship, youth, health and wealth could procure. What was there wanting to complete my happiness?—One single advantage, without which all the rest are fruitless—*a good education.*

The two first months of my marriage were the most fortunate and peaceable moments of my life; but my happiness quickly began to decrease. My passion for my wife which grew daily stronger, made me guilty of the caprice and injustice which are so destructive of prudence and repose. I wished to be beloved as I loved; that is, to excess. Julia had a most true and tender affection for me; but she was too wise, and had too much command of herself to indulge fancies, which, by inflaming the mind, might destroy her tranquility.

I began at first by a kind of moderate complaining, but soon became full n, suspicious, and discontented. I felt in my heart an aversion for every body that Julia had any regard for, and especially for Belinda. I preserved, however, sufficient reason to condemn my own caprices, and carefully concealed them.

*(To be continued.)*

## EXTRACT.

From the combination of these fine parts—grandeur of soul, complacency, and ease—arise the enchantments of elegance; that the appearance of the two last are oftner found together, and then they form politeness.



For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ST. HERBERT—A TALE.

(Continued from page 358.)

“IN the midst of mine own distress, I forgot not Julius ; I remembered what my feelings were when my love left me, and what a relief it was to my gloomy spirit to embrace her dear remains, ‘and it shall solace Julius too,’ said I. We therefore, in expectation of his arrival, deferred the interment till the fourth day, when, perceiving that he delayed coming, the sorrowful procession, toward sun set, moved slowly to the cemetery—we had scarce entered that dreary abode of death, when a person on horseback came in sight—he rode up—it was Cuthbert.—Our silent woe seemed to oppress him—he drew nearer, and with a faltering voice accosted me—but I could not reply—I only waved my hand ; the white haired grave digger gave a sign, and the supporters of the bier set it down, and uncovered the corse ; the eyes of Julius glanced upon it ; he started ; again his sight turned to the coffin, and giving a loud shriek he dropt upon the earth. He was instantly raised, and every one making use of the remedies in his power, we soon saw him revive, and attempted to lead him away ; but he burst from those that held him, and throwing himself down by the corse : ‘powers of pity (exclaimed he,) it is, it is my Louisa—but after so long an absence, we will not be so soon separated ; no, my love, even in spite of the everlasting stupor that hath locked up thy senses, we will be united—I will meet thee in the territory of death—we will be enclosed in the same tomb.’ Then placing his lips to her livid cheek, he encircled her with his left arm. Our own grief was renewed, and we attempted not to interrupt his, but stood weeping around him as partners in affliction, when the report of a pistol awoke us to terror ; we rushed toward him together, but the blood that streamed from his bosom, and his convulsive gasps, convinced us that his desperate spirit had forever quit its beauteous abode ; yes, the amiable, the youthful Julius, unable to sustain so keen a disappointment, had, in that moment of anguish deprived himself of life, and as an union with her dust seemed to be his latest wish, we placed him the next day in her grave.

“When the excess of my grief had abated, Cuthbert’s young man, (who had never left me for an hour since the death of my daughter) made some distant enquiries respecting Louisa. I frankly related her little story ; and made various observations upon the mysterious conduct of Julius. ‘His motives are known to me (said the youth,) and till lately he believed that you had been made acquainted with them long since—for he had written to you frequently during his journey to the South, and in every epistle he had depicted the emotions of his mind. His reason for wishing your daughter to be ignorant of his sentiments respecting her, was, that as he was not in any line of business at

“that time, his father, who was avarice itself, had determined to send him to Europe, and from thence to the East-Indies in quest of a fortune. ‘It is always a long voyage,’ said he to me one day, and should it be protracted beyond the common time, then, if I had told Louisa how I loved ; had I obtained her approbation ; would she not accuse me of inconsistency, would she not upbraid me as ungenerous, and say, that I had engaged her in vows which I did not regard, and thus prevented her accepting some one more worthy. No, I will not offer to her inexperienced youth those protestations, which her maturer years may reject ; but, I will await with patience that period when I can tender her my hand and fortune together. Upon his arrival from this place, his father had changed his mind, and was now anxious for his going to the southward, as his agent—but a better reason was, that a rich young Carolinian heiress who had become enamoured of Julius, had written to his father and sister, intreating them to make use of every art and argument to induce him to marry her, and in case of their succeeding, she offered to settle three thousand dollars per annum upon the daughter ; it was for this that the mercenary girl intercepted and detained his letters ; letters which contained all that your young unfortunate child wished to know ; the fatal picture was inclosed in one of them.’

“No sooner had the young man left me, than I gave myself up to the most obstinate melancholy, and forgetting the injunctions of my departed treasure, resolved to cherish sorrow, till my spirit shrinking from the burden should seek another residence. I therefore shut myself in my apartment, and never quitted it, excepting when I went to the burial place, where indeed my visits were frequent.

“In my way thither, I had often met with an Indian, habited as a traveller ; his brow was furrowed and his head bald, yet such a benign serenity overspread his countenance, that it seemed as though age had made his approaches upon the tufted path of unbroken quiet ; he always eyed me with complacency, but never accosted me ; doubtless the severity of my aspect forbade him.”

ANNA.

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

A VERY young clergyman, who had just left college, presented a petition to the late king of Prussia, requesting that his majesty would appoint him inspector in a certain place, where a vacancy had just happened.\* As it was an office of much consequence, the king was offended at the presumption and importunity of so young a man, and instead of any answer to the petition, he wrote underneath : 2d Book of Samuel, chap. x. verse 5 ; and returned it. The young clergyman was eager to examine the quotation, but to his great disappointment, found the words : *Tarry at Jericho until your beard is grown.*

\* Inspector, nearly answers to our dean.



FOR THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

TO MELPOMENUS.

NEW-YORK, May 12, 1796.

DEAR SIR,

I HAVE just stolen a few moments to write a line to my friend; but in such a hurry, that I have never thought on any subject.—Apropos!—How very similar to many people, who undertake business of much greater importance, without ever counting the cost, or considering what they are going about. Misfortune, I grant, may overtake the most prudent, and bring unforeseen disasters upon the most deliberate proceedings: but, in general, I believe the major part of our calamities may be attributed more to inadvertency in ourselves, than to any other cause. Did men give themselves more time for reflection, and execute their plans with less precipitation, I am persuaded we should not hear of so many bankrupts; nor be so often surprized with the news of our friends leaving us without bidding us good bye, to take a journey, nobody knows whither.

You tell me, that during my absence, the amiable CLARISSA took her leave of time, and is become an inhabitant of the tombs.—Shocking intelligence!—One can hardly forbear exclaiming against the king of terrors, and calling him intolerably cruel. How has he blasted beauty in its bloom, and laid angelic virtue in the dust!—Irreparable loss!—A settled melancholy appears on the countenance of every one who knew her.—Surely this is a lesson of instruction to us who survive: and a striking instance of the instability of terrestrial excellence. Yet, why do we weep?—Nature, 'tis true, bedews her cheeks with tears at the apparent disaster: but reason dictates better things. She has only exchanged this low world of pain and woe, for a mansion of unfading bliss, eternal in the heavens. A few more rolling suns, at most, will reunite us for ever, to part no more. O, my soul, of what mighty moment art thou! When this frail body is mouldered to dust, and my name remembered no more among the children of men, thou, clothed with life and immortality, will be basking in the golden sun-beams of pleasure, in the permanent regions of eternal glory.

"The stars shall fade away, the sun himself  
"Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;  
"But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,  
"Unhurt amidst the war of elements,  
"The wreck of matter, and the crush of worlds."

Let us then, my dear sir, cease to mourn for CLARISSA. Only let us copy her conduct, and walk in her footsteps; that when the pale messenger arrives, we may lay down our lives with gladness, to meet her again on the blissful plains of heaven.

I am, Sir, with sincerity, your's.  
ETHICUS.

N. B. The printer is requested to correct an erratum in the first line of my former epistle, which should read, "My late excursion, &c." not "excursions."

## SINGULAR ANECDOTE OF A DIVER.

OF all the divers who have given any information from the bottom of the ocean, the famous Nicholas Pesce, mentioned by Rincher, is the most celebrated; the veracity of this account is not in all respects to be depended on, though Rincher assures us he had it from the archives of the kings of Sicily. This famous diver, by his great skill in swimming, and perseverance under water, was surnamed the fish. This man from his infancy had been used to the sea, and gained a livelihood by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villagers on shore. From his long acquaintance with the sea, it at length became almost his natural element; he has been known to spend five days amongst the waves, without any other provision than what he caught there. He often swam over Sicily to Calabria, a most dangerous passage: and frequently would swim among the gulphs of the Lipari Islands without the least apprehension of danger.

Some mariners one day observed something at a distance from them in the sea, which they supposed to be a sea monster; but upon a nearer view they found to be Nicholas, whom they took into their ship. When they questioned him where he was going on so rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he produced a packet of letters, fastened up in a leather bag, which he was carrying to one of the towns in Italy. After stopping with them some time, and eating a hearty meal, he took his leave, and jumped into the sea, to pursue his voyage.

Nature seemed to have assisted him in a peculiar degree to bear the hardships of the deep; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed like a goose, and his chest became so very capacious, as to enable him to take in at one respiration as much breath as would last him the day.

The fame of this extraordinary man soon reached the ears of Frederic, King of Sicily, who, excited by a natural curiosity, ordered that he should be brought before him. The King thought this a fair opportunity to gain some certain intelligence concerning the gulph of Charibdis; he therefore commanded the poor diver to explore the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool, and ordered a golden cup to be flung into it, by way of incitement. Nicholas, conscious of the danger he was exposed to, ventured to remonstrate, but the hopes of reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the encreasing of his own fame, at length prevailed. He immediately jumped into the gulph, and was instantly invisible. The king and his attendants waited with great anxiety for three quarters of an hour on the shore, and at last perceived him buffetting the waves with one hand, and holding the cup in triumph with the other: the cup was immediately made the reward of his bold adventure. He was allowed time to refresh himself, and was then brought again before the king, to relate the wonders he had been witness of. He declares, if he had been apprized of half the dangers he had to encounter, he should never have obeyed the king's com-



mand. There are four obstacles, he says, which render the gulph terrible, not only to men, but even to the fishes who inhabit it. The first, is the great force of water bursting up from the bottom, which requires great strength to resist; secondly the abruptness of the rocks, threatening destruction on every side; thirdly, the force of the whirlpool, dashing against those rocks; and fourthly, the quantity and size of the polypus fish, some of which appear as large as men, and stick against the rocks, projecting their fibrous arms to entangle every thing that approaches. He was then asked how he so readily found the cup; he replied, that it had been carried by the waves into the cavity of a rock, against which he himself struck in his descent. The king wishing for further information, prevailed on this unfortunate man to venture a second time. He went down, but was never since heard of.

### THE VICTIM OF MAGICAL DELUSION;

OR, INTERESTING MEMOIRS OF MIGUEL, DUKE DE CA\*IA.

UNFOLDING MANY CURIOUS UNKNOWN HISTORICAL FACTS.

*Translated from the German of Tschink.*

(Continued from page 357.)

**T**HAT point I will not dispute with you; however, you will never make me believe that he acted the part of a corps and exposed himself to the almost certain danger of being caught in the fact, and that your brother should have suffered himself to be deceived in such a blunt manner."

"And yet what I have told you, is literally true. The features of Charles bearing a great resemblance to those of his sister, and the rest of the body being covered by the pall, the deception was not so very difficult. Besides, if you consider, that my brother entertained not the least doubt against Lucy's account of Amelia's death; that the groans which he had heard before his door, and the mysterious manner in which he was introduced into the apartment where the pretended corps was lying, and other similar circumstances, had been prepared to make the scene, which was displayed before his eyes, pass for reality, then you will not think him over credulous, nor the people he had to deal with, too daring, and too sanguine in their hopes of deceiving him. If you add, that the sight of the coffin surrounded with lighted torches, the artificial smell of corruption, and the skilfully imitated livid colour of death, which the face of Charles was painted with, the profound awful silence which reigned around, and the solemn midnight hour spread over the whole illusion the appearance of reality; and if you at the same time reflect on the dreadful state of Ferdinand's mind, you will easily conceive that it was almost impossible for him to detect the fraud, nay, even to harbour the least suspicion of a deception!—Charles would have succeeded, even if he had possessed only half the temerity which he was gifted with."

"Nevertheless Charles was not entirely secure of success. How would he, for example, have extricated

himself, if Ferdinand had perceived life in him, when he threw himself upon the corps?"

"It was impossible my brother could have made that observation during the first violent workings of his soul, which almost had bereft him of the use of his senses, and if he had approached Charles a second time, he would have erected himself instantly, and pronounced those solemn words which he addressed afterwards to him."

"Pray, to what purpose did he address these words to him? was it only to keep him at a proper distance, or did he really wish the execution of that request?"

"Both. As soon as Ferdinand had begged the nurse to retire, Charles expected a farewell scene, which appeared dangerous to him; for that reason, he rose as soon as he observed that he was stepping near. The injunction he laid on Ferdinand to take orders was very reasonable, because that step promised to separate my brother and Amelia for ever. That the event has not confirmed Charles's hope, was certainly no fault of his."

"Thus far every thing is clear to me; however, the burial is still a mystery to my understanding; for I do not think that Charles had a mind to be buried alive."

"A piece of wood, dressed in the garments of a nun, and an artificial face of wax, covered with a veil, represented him, or rather Amelia, and was solemnly entombed in the church of the Carmelites."

"But how could the Irishman develop a fraud, which was designed and executed with so much infernal art, and how could he so successfully destroy the consequences which it was to produce?"

"That I cannot tell you!"

"He is more than man!" I exclaimed.

"And I am his betrayer!" groaned the Count, hiding his face.

I endeavoured in vain to console him, by representing to him, that he had arrested him out of a pardonable error. "I am nevertheless the cause of his death!" was his reply. Palecki's observation that the Irishman had regained his liberty, was equally fruitless. "What reliance can I have on an intelligence which comes from such a suspicious source?" he replied, and his serenity and cheerfulness seemed to have left him for ever.

I put him in mind, that he still owed me the conclusion of Amelia's adventures, when he resumed the thread of his narration:

"Mother and son having finished their humiliating confession, father Eugene asked the new-married couple what sort of satisfaction they wished to have? Ferdinand examined anxiously the looks of his lady, who, after a short pause, stretched out her hand with heavenly goodness, to her mother and brother, and solemnly renounced every satisfaction. My brother imitated her example. Neither of the criminals had expected such an act of generosity, and a ray of joy displayed itself on their countenance; however, father Eugene overclouded it in a moment. 'This genero-



"sity," said he, turning to the mother, "challenges your equity. It is not customary to marry a daughter without giving her a dowry; I think thirty thousand livres will not be too much. I need not to remark, that this sum is not to be deducted from Amelia's paternal inheritance, which is her lawful property. Within four weeks that money must be delivered to the Carmelites at Anneville, who will put it into the hands of the Countess without delay. Their cloister, which you have so daringly profaned by that mock burial, demands the sum of six thousand livres, as a satisfaction for the injury it has received from you." Having pronounced this sentence he rang a bell, and the witnesses who had retired re-appeared.

"Gentlemen," said father Eugene, "I beg you will have the goodness to attest a donation which this lady is going to make, and to give it a legal validity by your signature."

"And what did Amelia's mother say? what Charles? did they not refuse to comply with the request of father Eugene?"

"All their reluctance availed them nothing, the menaces of the ecclesiastic made them obedient. When the donation was executed, and lawfully attested, and the witnesses were retired, he informed Charles and his mother that the whole affair was a secret to every one, even to the lord of the castle; he would therefore advise them not to raise suspicion by an abrupt departure, and to give them their company at the wedding festival. The invitation was accepted, but you may easily think with what sensations.

"The Baron had omitted nothing that could contribute to render the feast splendid and cheerful. A selected company, a sumptuous meal, and heavenly music spread the glow of merriment around; even Charles was uncommonly jocund; however, black, malicious revenge, was rankling in his breast. When dinner was over, Ferdinand opened the ball with Amelia---Heavens! what a dance! my imagination made me fancy the golden age of ancient Greece was returned. Every look seemed to be charmed by a magic spell, tracing with visible delight the elegant movements of the accomplished pair, who expressed in a speaking manner, the harmony of their sentiments by every gesture and attitude. This enchanting spectacle occupied the attention of every one present, in such a manner, that a new guest, who meanwhile had mixed with our circle was not observed before the dance was finished, amid the universal loud applause of the whole company. It was a white mask of a middle size, of a noble majestic appearance, and dressed like a genius. Curiosity soon drew a gaping circle around him, and every one assailed him with questions and inquisitive looks, but the mask returned no answer. However, this served only to raise the curiosity of the company to a higher degree, particularly when the lord of the castle declared that the mask was not among the number of the guests who had been invited to the feast. The examinations and questions were now renewed with additional inquisitiveness;

"several names were delineated in the hand of the mask, and numberless different conjectures started, however the unknown guest returned to every inquirer a denying motion of the head. The taciturn genius continuing to refuse to make himself known, the Baron was persuaded to address him. 'Sir,' said he, 'whoever you be, you are welcome to my castle; however, the impatient desire of these ladies and gentlemen puts me under the necessity to request you to unmask. The stranger paid, however, no attention to this request, taking father Eugene by the hand, and drawing some mysterious characters on it, the father instantly stepped forth, signifying to the company that the mask would not be known, but was ready to discover himself to the Baron after the feast should be finished. We were therefore obliged to bridle our curiosity, and to await patiently the development of the mystery.

"The mask did not join in the dance, but wandered from place to place and was a mere observer. The latter part he acted particularly with respect to Charles, never losing sight of him during the whole night, without his seeming to notice it.

"Morning began to dawn, when Ferdinand, tired with dancing, retired to a table which was covered with wine bottles and goblets. Charles placed himself at the same table and entered into conversation with my brother. I concluded from some words which I caught while dancing, that they seemed inclined to be reconciled. This supposition was confirmed when I saw Charles exchanging his goblet with my brother. However, the whole scene was suddenly altered. When Ferdinand had taken up the goblet of Charles, and was going to empty it, the mask who was standing at some distance, exclaimed, 'stop!' with so loud a voice that the attention of the whole assembly was excited. The dancers and musicians stopped, and every one crowded around the table. The mask took the goblet from my brother's hand, and begged him to desire Charles to return him his. The latter was alarmed; however, he soon recovered his presence of mind, addressing the mask in a scornful strain: 'Who has given you leave to meddle with other people's business?' 'That you shall know,' replied the stranger coolly, 'as soon as you shall have emptied the goblet which you have offered to the Count.' A murmur which grew louder every moment, was raised by the company. Charles attempted to beat the goblet out of the hand of the mask; however, the latter seemed to have foreseen it, holding it fast. 'Then you will not drink?' the mask resumed, 'I expected it; for you know what the goblet contains; however,' approaching a step, and darting a piercing look at Amelia's brother, 'I know it too.'

"Charles was almost frantic with rage, and challenged the stranger to make good his words. 'Well, if you will absolutely have it so,' he replied: 'it is---' whispering a word in the ear of Charles, which covered his face with a death-like paleness. He attempted in vain to conceal his terror, trembled and seemed ready to swoon. All eyes were directed with horror at him

NEW-YORK.

MARRIED,

On Thursday evening last, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. DANIEL STANSBURY, merchant, to Miss SALLY CLARK, both of this city.

On Tuesday se'nnight, by the Rev. Mr. Abeel, Mr. GEORGE J. WARNER, to Miss SUSAN NEXSEN, daughter of Mr. Elias Nexsen, merchant, of this city.

On Sunday evening, the 8th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Foster, Mr. GEORGE STEPHENSON, aged 21 years, to Miss NELLY STEPHENSON, aged 14 years.

On Saturday se'nnight, by the Rev. Dr. Beach, Mr. WILLIAM BLACK, to Miss HANNAH KETCH, both of this city.

On the 25th ult. by the Rev. Dr. Lewis, Mr. STEPHEN DUTCH, of this city, formerly of Ipswich, (Massachusetts) to Miss RUTH CLOSE, of the town of Greenwich, state of Connecticut.

On the 17th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Cooper, Mr. NATHANIEL VALENTINE, of Phillipsburgh, to Miss SALLY BRIGGS, daughter of Mr. George Briggs, of West-Chester.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

\*\*\* HABAKKUK's lamentation on the death of MILKMAN TONE, is received;—it came too late for this number, but should it not appear in any other periodical print before next Wednesday, we shall with pleasure give it a place. The RECANTATION is received, and shall soon appear. The Editor, while he admires the genius of O. P. informs him, that he has made it an invariable rule, to avoid giving offence to any. He would be exceedingly gratified by an interview with the writer; should he not do him this favour, he will take the liberty of altering the latter part of his piece, and publishing it in the next number.

METEOROLOGICAL OBSERVATIONS,

From the 8th to the 14th inst.

Days of the Month.	Thermometer observed at			Prevailing winds.	OBSERVATIONS on the WEATHER.		
	8, A. M.	1, P. M.	6, P. M.		8.	1.	6.
	deg. 100	deg. 100	deg. 100	8. 1. 6.	8.	1.	6.
MAY 8	54	56	54	E. S. do.	clear	cloudy	rain
9	42	46	47	W. do. SW	lt. wind	and rain	at nt.
10	45	50	25 56	W. do. do.	cloudy	clear	do.
11	55	75	66	S. do. SW	cloudy	clear	do.
12	57	65	50 65	NE. NW do.	thun. light.	& rain	
13	58	25 64	61	S. SW. S.	clear	do. do.	
14	58	75 65	50 61	NE. S. SE.	cloudy	clear	do.

TO A YOUNG LADY, WITH A NOSEGAY OF FLOWERS.

IF to the sweets thou dost possess,  
Which might a thousand gardens store,  
This offer'd posy so far less,  
An atom could have added more,  
They to that spicy bosom ne'er  
Had been by him in insult sent,  
Who so well knew how quickly there,  
Their odours would, o'erpowered, be spent.

"and the mask; all persons present were standing in profound awful expectation. Charles recovered his speech first, after a considerable interval. 'Man or devil!' he exclaimed, darting at the mask. 'I must see thy face!' However, the mask pushed him back with such violence that he fell on the sofa. 'Poisoner!' he said with a terrible voice, 'Thou dost not deserve to see my face.' The word poisoner raised a general commotion. The mask seeing it, turned to the spectators, still holding the goblet in his hand: 'I am going to account to the Lord of this castle for my actions; but previously I desire you not to suffer this young spark to escape, for he is ripe for the gibbet.' The mother, who seemed to have had a presentiment of her son's villainy, had retired without noise, after the beginning of this horrid scene. Amelia, whom that abominable incident had thrown into a swoon, began to recover when her brother was seized. The ruffian exerted every strength which despair afforded him, to draw his poinard. 'I will not die by the hand of the public executioner!' he roared, plunged the poinard in his bosom and dropped down; Amelia too sunk to the ground. I am not capable to describe the horror which thrilled every one of us at that shocking sight; and the impression which this event produced gained additional strength by surprising us amid the flow of merriment and joviality. The mask however retained his equanimity, taking care of Amelia, whom he carried to the adjoining apartment, where she was restored to recollection with the greatest difficulty. He then hastened to Charles, who was stretched out on the floor without the least sign of life, and swimming in his blood. He examined and dressed his wound, and asserted, contrary to the general opinion, that he was not quite dead, sending at the same time for surgical assistance. Charles really recovered before the surgeon arrived. His first question was: 'Whether Ferdinand was poisoned?' Receiving a negative answer, he uttered a shocking curse. Father Eugene exhorted him to repent; however, Charles tore the bandage from his wound, spirted blood in the face of the ecclesiastic, and expired."

(To be continued.)

ANECDOTE.

A Major-General in the Prussian service, who was an able officer, and a man of merit, was observed frequently to speak in very strong terms of the blessings of liberty, and the humiliating chains of despotism. This being reported to the king, Frederick wrote to him. 'Monf. Major-General, I must beg that you will no longer continue to play the part of Brutus in my dominions; or, otherwise, I shall be obliged to conspire against your liberty.'

VIRTUE.

VIRTUE is not to be considered in the light of mere innocence, or abstaining from harm, but as the exertion of our faculties in doing good.



For the NEW-YORK WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

THE STORY OF ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE.

ORPHEUS shall lead me with his mournful shell,  
With sighs inflated, while my numbers swell  
In plaintive cadence that shall worthy prove,  
To chant the story of his hapless love;  
How in the dawn of promise he was shorn  
E'en to the quick, when from his side was torn  
Eurydice, his new-espoused bride,  
Who as she flew along the river side,  
The rage of Aristæus to escape,  
And thus avoid his vile intended rape.  
The fated fair, saw not the fatal snake,  
Close at her feet in covert of the brake;  
But all the wood-land nymphs, her sisters, tear,  
With bitter shrieks, and pierce the trembling air;  
The trembling air, their loud laments return'd,  
And Rhodopea's swelling mountains mourn'd,  
The Getæ, Hebrus, Orythæe rav'd,  
And tears the flinty cliffs of high Pangæus lav'd.  
Rhesus's martial land that oft before,  
Unmov'd of warring hosts, had drank the gore,  
Was mov'd to weep responsive to the groans.  
That chill'd the elements, and gain'd the ear of stones.  
But Orpheus, he driven out in dry-ey'd woe,  
Where tears to cinder burnt can never flow;  
He lonely on the desert shore remote,  
There with his concave shell of mournful note,  
His pining love and tortur'd heart consol'd,  
The woods re-echoing with him condol'd:  
Thee, sweet Eurydice, he ceaseless calls  
From morning light, till dusky evening falls,  
Nor quits his plaintive song thro' the long night,  
Till morn again re-ushers up the light;  
His wandering steps to seek his bride he cast,  
E'en thro' the gates of Tanarus he pass'd,  
The subterranean cave of Dis he gains,  
Down to the gloomy grove where horror reigns;  
The manes, hell's tremendous king was there,  
And harden'd souls unmov'd by human pray'r.  
Thin spectres, and light ghosts, gliding along,  
Themselves forgetting, stop to hear his song.

Sooth'd by his plaining from the deeps profound,  
Unbody'd phantoms flitting rose around,  
Unnumber'd as when birds from many a hill,  
Come flocking down and all the vallies fill;  
Boys and unmarried girls, matrons and men,  
Indignant souls of mighty heroes slain,  
And youths, e'er well their hopeful bud had bloom'd,  
Before their parents' streaming eyes consum'd,  
On funeral piles whom the Cocytian flood,  
Whose borders teem with black betum'nous mud,  
And Styx of doubtful bottom deep inditch'd,  
Nine times infused, around about them stretch'd,  
Confines, as on a boggy island bound,  
By reeds and fens and sluggish waves encompass'd round,  
All these felt, tho' inhabitants of hell,  
Relenting pity in their breasts prevail;  
E'en death's dread realms and fathomless domains,  
In silent wonder listen'd to his strains,  
Ixion on the rack forgets to feel,  
Hush'd was the whirling tempest of his wheel.  
The furies, curling snakes in playfence wreath'd,  
Sunk in attention, Cerb'rus scarcely breath'd;  
But yawning, his three snarling mouths restrain'd,  
And softly whin'd while Orpheus loud complain'd,  
And now Eurydice confin'd no more,  
Returns to life, escap'd the dreary shore.  
Following behind by gentle Orpheus led,  
For Proserpine this rigid law had made,

Which now was broke, for lo! in luckless hour,  
By force of mighty love's resistless power,  
Just on the verge of light, ah! thoughtless he,  
With wistful eyes look'd back on his Eurydice.  
So small a crime, who to forgive would grudge,  
But hell's inexorable king was judge;  
Now all unravell'd, now the cov'nant broke,  
The lovers hopes dissolv'd away like smoke,  
And thrice from hell's reverberating caves,  
A shout was heard along the Acherontick waves.  
She shrinking—who, my lovely Orpheus, who,  
In sad relapse hath doubled back our woe,  
What fury this hath me and thee undone,  
See I recede and am forever gone.  
Vainly I stretch to thee this longing hand,  
Ah! now no longer thine, the fates remand,  
Me back, a deathly sleep my eyes pervade,  
Darkness her curtain draws, O! what a shade.  
Farewell; thus speaking, from his longing eyes,  
Through the thin air dispers'd like mist she flies,  
Nor was by him grasping at shades in vain,  
With thousand things to say, e'er seen again,  
Nor could he more (the fates were so severe)  
Pursue her back again to regions drear;  
Where should he turn, what should he do or say,  
Or how deplore his bride twice snatch'd away,  
Or with what tears, what songs attempt to move  
Th' infernal powers to render back his love,  
The Styx she crosses in the Stygian skiff,  
He left beneath a bleak aerial cliff,  
On the rude bank that Strymon's fountain lavs,  
For seven long months, 'tis said, in freezing caves,  
Wept lonesome, and this mournful tale repeats,  
While bending oaks admiring round him meets;  
And as he sung, how deep how wide his wound,  
Ferocious tigers soften'd at the sound.  
So in distracting anguish Philomel,  
Beneath a poplar shade in woeful wail,  
For her lost young stolen by some graceless clown,  
While yet unfeather'd from their nest of down,  
She weeps all night as on a bough she sits,  
While the hoarse grove her song reiterates,  
No proffering beauties with their yielding charms,  
Could move his soul, or tempt him to their arms.  
The snowy Tanais freezing ridge he cross'd,  
And the extended fields of everlasting frost,  
And Hyperborean ice without a shore,  
In frigid regions spread, alone he travell'd o'er,  
And all the way as fast he pass'd along,  
Eurydice was all the subject of his song;  
Which stung the Thracian dames with jealous rage,  
That she alone should all his notes engage;  
With fury that surpass'd the savage beasts,  
E'en at their altar's side their solemn feasts  
With horrid hands this hapless youth they tore,  
And strew'd his mangled carcase on the shore,  
The head from the fair neck disjoin'd they cast,  
In Hebrus gulphy tide as down it pass'd,  
But nought regarded he, for cold in death,  
In his last accents and his flying breath,  
With vibrating tongue and love-fix'd eyes,  
Eurydice, Eurydice he cries,  
Ah! dear Eurydice divinely sweet,  
Ah! sweet Eurydice the floods and rocks repeat,  
His lips last trembl'd quiver'd out Eury-  
But echo vainly listen'd for dice.

NEW-YORK, MAY 12, 1796.

A FRAGMENT.

THAT union, sure, completely blest must prove,  
Founded on virtue, just esteem and love,  
Happy, thrice happy may you be thro' life;  
He the best husband, you the kindest wife.